

Freaks Do It Better!

Blood On The Dance Floor

Take the stage, everyone wait
Make a break, shove it in his face
All leather; all black
Dressed to depress; Johnny Cash

If you stare
I'll do a trick
I'll use my wand
And take your bitch

I see you
You see my clique
Rolling deep, wrapped in ink
Looking pretty and pissed

Out of the ordinary
It turns me on; you think I'm scary
No boy can get it wetter
Believe the rumour that freaks do it better

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Trick or treat
Motherfucker, gimme your liquor
Dahvie Halloween
No one can do it sicker

Not looking for a God
I don't need salvation
I'm a bad motherfucker
With a bad reputation

But I don't give a fuck
About anything they said
Every single word
Is just a dollar I've made

Another album made
Another bill I've paid
Call me Buffy, bitch
You about to get slayed

Killing it, killing it
Busting the leather
Never had no one like me
But never say never

I fly sky high
It don't matter the weather
I see you get mad
Because freaks do it better

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